# The Slightest Of Sounds

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# The Slightest Of Sounds

by WordsAblaze

Summary

Wide eyes meet his own as his hand reaches forward to cover Will’s shaky, bloodstained ones. “Hann…” he rasps, relief flooding his expression.

Hannibal swallows his rage and clenches his jaw, watching as Will coughs and blood trickles over his lips, dark and heavy and entirely unwanted. He leans down and places a soft kiss to Will’s forehead. “It’s okay. It’s okay, my love. You look so beautiful in blood.”

Will groans, out of both pain and incredulity, and Hannibal knows he will later have to tolerate a lecture on ill-timed compliments.

Notes

a little attempted murder to celebrate completing a week of whumptober ^.^

day 7 prompts used: alleyway / "can you hear me?"

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal is the closest he has ever been and most likely ever will be to stabbing a kitchen countertop when his phone finally rings.

“Will, just what do you think you’re achieving by—?”

“Hann…”

Hannibal pauses. More accurately, he *freezes,* his blood having morphed into ice that digs into the fabric of his veins, instantly beginning to pull him apart from inside out. “Will?” he whispers.

Harsh breathing echoes through the phone. “Hann… Sorr—’m sorr—”

“No, no, my dear Will, no. Please, where are you?” Hannibal all but begs, his heart leaping over several of its own beats at a time, his previous rage at his husband having been late for their anniversary dinner entirely forgotten. “Will, my love, tell me where you are.”

Will groans thickly, and Hannibal is sure the sound will haunt his dreams for months to come. “I—I don’... don’ know.”

Hannibal could kill someone. Granted, he could do that at most given moments, but in this moment, he could positively tear someone limb from limb without sparing a second to learn their name. He knows that won’t help Will so, instead, he takes a deep breath and places the call on speakerphone, slipping into a pair of shoes and grabbing his keys.

“Will, listen to me. Listen to my voice. I need you—and please understand the gravity of this when I say I *need* you to tell me where you are,” he demands, as kindly as he can manage.

After several long moments of wheezing and shuffling, Will gasps. “Ch—cheese. Red.”

It’s a testament to just how synced their lives are that Hannibal immediately understands what he’s trying to say. He nods to himself, and starts the engine. “You are far beyond extraordinary, dear Will, please know that. Hang on for me.”

“Hang…ing,” Will replies, but devolves into a coughing fit not even two seconds later, and Hannibal winces with each guttural sound that fills his car.

It doesn’t take long to reach the fromagerie Will had been referring to, the one they both can’t stand that lies just opposite the florist shop with a permanent display of large, red roses in the window. Will had joked about how they should buy one to tuck behind Hannibal's ear because the colour would bring out the blood in his eyes, and Hannibal had, for a split second, been tempted to indulge his theory. He hadn’t, of course, but it had been a near thing.

The engine has just barely been turned off before Hannibal is practically throwing himself out of the vehicle, wishing the nights weren’t quite so dark in Europe. “Will?”

Then, into the phone, “Will? Can you hear me?”

“T—two…fold,” Will groans, and Hannibal could jump with joy at the revelation that the two of them are within earshot of one another. The only question, then, is which direction he should look.

“Can you see me?” Hannibal asks, turning to check each direction as he does.

Will makes a very strange, pained noise. “B’ind you.”

Hannibal turns so sharply that his neck smarts for a moment. Forcing the moment to pass, he strides forward, into the little alleyway directly in front of him. Belatedly, he realises he doesn’t need to struggle so hard with the darkness, and switches his phone’s flashlight on. Will hisses in pain as soon as he does, and Hannibal falls to his knees before Will can finish flinching away because the light had revealed a crumpled form that he would have stepped on within the next few seconds had the flashlight been any more delayed.

“Will…” he breathes, his gaze running desperately over the numerous injuries he can see, trying to ascertain which of them requires the most immediate attention. He sucks in a breath when his gaze settles on the knife currently protruding from the crook of Will’s neck. He knows that knife, and he now knows why every other one of their recent excursions has had a government-agent-shaped shadow.

Wide eyes meet his own as his hand reaches forward to cover Will’s shaky, bloodstained ones. “Hann…” he rasps, relief flooding his expression.

Hannibal swallows his rage and clenches his jaw, watching as Will coughs and blood trickles over his lips, dark and heavy and entirely unwanted. He leans down and places a soft kiss to Will’s forehead. “It’s okay. It’s okay, my love. You look so beautiful in blood.”

Will groans, out of both pain and incredulity, and Hannibal knows he will later have to tolerate a lecture on ill-timed compliments. But Hannibal knows that Will can survive this—he *has to* survive this—so he spares another second to plant a second kiss atop Will’s dishevelled curls before carefully placing his arms under Will’s shoulders and knees, offering him a small smile before swinging him upwards, settling him against his chest, and carrying him back to their car.

“H—hurts,” Will whimpers as Hannibal secures him into the passenger seat.

“I know. Only for a little while longer,” he promises. “You have been so brave, my darling Will. you must be brave just a little while longer.”

He’s lying, and they both know it. Will is not struggling with a simple stab wound but rather, several broken bones, multiple stab wounds that will require stitching, and a vast array of bruises that will sting for weeks ahead; he will have to be brave for a *long* while yet.

Will cries out as they round a sharp corner, and Hannibal has the urge to stab himself with a guilt-ridden blade. He murmurs an apology, eliciting a shocked glance from Will, and speeds up, knowing the road is mostly straight for the rest of the journey. By the time they arrive home—he wouldn’t dare force Will into a hospital when he knows he can treat him just fine himself—Hannibal has laid out the mental framework for the destruction of the federal

bureau of investigation as well as one clearly still involved journalist, and it takes him a second to pull himself back into the present. A soft hiss of pain from Will helps considerably with that, and he finds himself opening the passenger door before he can think about moving.

“Inhale and exhale, Will. I will sort out everything else,” Hannibal murmurs, lifting him into his arms once again.

Will’s head falls against his shoulder, his breathing still too fast and too shallow to be healthy, and Hannibal speeds up as much as he can without jostling the knife still trapped within Will’s muscles. He wishes he could just fling it away to alleviate its convenience, but they both know it isn’t their most pressing concern and will likely remain where it is for at least another hour.

“Ah—” Will cries out as Hannibal deposits him on the sofa-bed that, thankfully, is currently in bed format. “H—hurts.”

“I know,” Hannibal replies sadly, and moves to go about changing that. He finds that, once he’s located and returned with their advanced first aid kit, Will’s eyes have closed and his breathing has deepened, although not smoothened out.

He sighs, but doesn’t have it in him to deny Will this reprieve just to reassure himself, and places the third but most certainly not last kiss of the night on Will’s forehead before rolling up his sleeves—he concludes that their plans will have to be entirely rescheduled and he’ll have to wait significantly longer to gather more information about the murder attempt on his husband—and getting to work.

End Notes

pls imagine Will tucking a rose behind Hannibal's ear to make up for me ruining their anniversary :)

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